

## In the End by passenger0255

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**Summary:** Claire is stuck to fend for herself after escaping WCKD, and she learns to steal what she needs. That's until she gets caught by a group of boys who are from the same place as her. Their mission is to take down WCKD before their power corrupts, and the powers Claire's gained through experimentation can help them accomplish this and save themselves and thousands of others.

## In the End

Authors Note: Hello everyone! I'm going to try to be as honest as possible... I'm terrified about how this fanfic will turn out. I've tried and failed a few times to write and finish long pieces of writing like this, so let's hope it all works out well. Also, this is a crossover! I've never written one before but I think this might end up being a good idea. Basically, I'm just taking one aspect from Stranger Things (Eleven's powers) and adding it to an OC in The Maze Runner world. I'm really excited about this one, so I truly hope you enjoy!

### Chapter 1

The world is a dangerous place.

People. Greed. Love.

Everyone is told to keep themselves safe from the dangers, although I was never told.

I learned.

The earth is still hot. I can't remember the last time I saw snow. I can't remember the last time I didn't have to tie a scrap of fabric around my face to protect me from illness and bacteria. I can't remember life before heat, destruction, anarchy.

People that weave around me would do anything to get their hands on me if they knew who I was. If they knew where I was from. But they don't. Which basically makes me one of them.

I've been on my own for the past year, constantly dodging bergs and the men that wear black military uniforms and carry guns. Because if they caught me, I'd have to go back. Back to complete torture. I'd have to go back to WCKD and they'd lock me up and experiment on me like they are doing to so many other kids.

I know I'm selfish, but I won't go back. I can't go back. There's nothing I can do but try to survive out here.

The Flare is one major thing I don't have to worry about, but I do

have to be just as cautious. If people saw the tattoo I conveniently hide with my hair, I'd be tortured by them and sold back to WCKD.

Because I'm their "property."

Bullshit.

I unsnap the watch from the wrist of the older man walking in the opposite direction as we brush arms. I snatch the bracelet off of the middle aged woman who looks as tired as she does defeated. They don't notice.

And I try not to notice the knot of guilt that takes form in my stomach, but I keep going.

No matter the circumstances, I always pick pocket people that could handle it. Never children. Never elders. Only relatively healthy people that could potentially replace what I steal.

I know I'm anxious. I've been on edge all day. If I were to say I missed anything before I escaped WCKD, it would be the anxiety meds they provided for me.

My heart pounds in my ears and my hands are shaking. I dig both my thumb nails into my palm and keep walking. The knot in my stomach is now in my whole torso. My chest and heart begin to burn and I can't breathe, so I pull the fabric off of my face and shove it in my back pocket.

I see a group of boys around my age walking in a pack towards me. Although my vision is blurry and my limbs feel heavy and numb, I can tell they're in good health. The blonde one tries to hide it, but I can see the outline of a small knife that his hand is continually flinching towards. I need that knife.

I intentionally look ahead, past the one with the knife and lean slightly to my right as we cross paths. Our shoulders collide hard and I stumble, boots sliding on the dirt. He turns to look at me and I use this opportunity to reach for the knife. My hand is still shaking and I realize he felt my touch before I realize my wrist is in his grasp and my arm is being twisted. All four boys are staring at me.

"Hell do you think you're doing?"

I'm breathing heavily, our eyes are locked. He looks inhumanly calm. Then I notice he's daring me to answer, and suddenly I'm daring him to try to touch me again.

When he doesn't, I knee him in the chest and pull my arm down to release his grasp.

I can hear my blood reverberating around my skull and through my ears. My head pounds and suddenly the things around me are moving as fast as the rhythm of my pulse.

I'm being punched in the gut which makes me fall to my knees and cry out. Someone is grabbing and twisting at my arms, pinning them behind my back. They're behind me and I'm defenseless. My hair falls to the front of my face as I'm forced to stare at the ground.

"Her neck." I hear one of them say. "Thomas, her neck."

Someone grabs onto my hair and parts it away. They're all leaning over to see it. There's nothing I can do.

Shitshitshitshitshitshit.

I throw my head back as hard as I can to cover the tattoo. My heart and lungs burn as I kick and scream at the top of my lungs. Drawing attention to myself will make it harder for them.

Strangers stop to look and the boys don't know what to do. My limbs are numb and my vision goes splotchy. I keep kicking like my life depends on it. My life does depend on it.

I'm being dragged across the mixture of dry dirt, sand, and broken glass towards the side of the street.

These motherfuckers are dragging me into a building. Where ninety percent of the cranks like to hang out. Fucking idiots.

My screams are a jumbled mess of "let go" and "cranks." They either can't hear me or are choosing not to hear me.

We're entering the building. It's dark and smells like decomposing leaves mixed with mold. Sand has travelled into the building and is in a blanket over the floor. It travels up the walls in the corners of the room.

The one pinning my wrists throws me against the wall opposite of the door and I slide down, feeling weak and lightheaded. My breathing matches the movement around me. Fast and uncontrolled. A kid with dark hair and a sleeveless shirt clicks on a metal flashlight and holds it above his shoulder. The beam is almost as blinding as the sun flares and I have to squint to look up at him.

They're all taller than I am, but the boy to his right is at least six feet tall... eight inches above my height. His hair is blonde and obviously dirty. The boy to his left is medium height, has short and dark hair, and almost black eyes. The one behind them all is the shortest, with dark brown hair and broad shoulders.

I frantically look around, but there's no where to run. I sit in such a way that I could escape at any given moment —which is my full intention.

"Who are you?" The one with the flashlight demands. I blink a few times, still adjusting to the light.

"Goddamnit who are you?" The boy on his left adds. I swallow.

They all exchange glances for a moment and the one on the right sighs.

"She's not talking." He adds, taking a step towards me. He has a thick accent that I can't identify. Without thinking about it, I instinctively back up closer to the wall and slightly farther away from him.

He kneels in front of me and there's nothing I can do but avoid an increasingly worse panic attack that's almost radiating off of my body. I breathe in for five seconds, hold for seven, breathe out for four. Just as I had been taught at WCKD. I mentally force that thought to the back of my mind.

He's facing away from me now, towards the other boys. I have the

overwhelming urge to kick the back of his knees to make him fall over, but then his fingers are at the base of his own neck. Grey markings, almost identical to my own.

I'm crawling towards him as he sits with his legs criss crossed in front of himself. Suddenly I'm kneeling, and with still shaking fingers, I push aside hair blocking the first few words.

Property of WCKD

Subject A2

The Glue

The Glue?

I look up at the other boys, intently watching me. They can tell I'm shaking.

"You're like me." I whisper, voice cracking on the last word. I'm so full of anxious energy and my chest is tightening. I'm hyperventilating, squeezing my eyes shut.

"Yeah," the blonde one says, "we're like you."